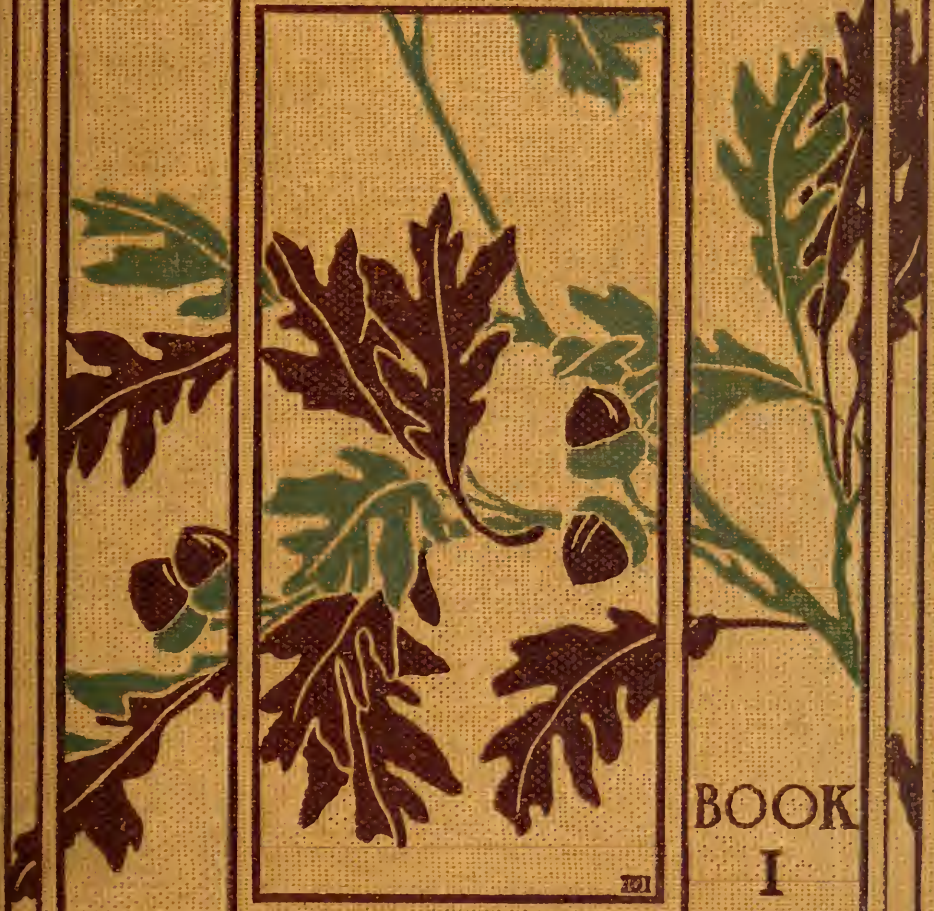
HEART OF OAK BOOKS



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EDITED BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

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THE HEART OF OAK BOOKS

A COLLECTION OF TRADITIONAL RHYMES AND STORIES FOR CHILDREN, AND OF MASTERPIECES OF POETRY AND PROSE FOR USE AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL, CHOSEN WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF A TASTE FOR GOOD READING

In Seven Volumes

VOLUME I

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THE

HEART OF OAK BOOKS

EDITED BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

First Book

RHYMES, JINGLES, AND FABLES

REVISED EDITION

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON, U.S.A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1906

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INTRODUCTION.

A TASTE for good reading is an acquisition the worth of which is hardly to be overestimated; and yet a majority of children, even of those favored by circumstance, grow up without it. This defect is due partly to the fault or ignorance of parents and teachers; partly, also, to the want, in many cases, of the proper means of cultivation. For this taste, like most others, is usually not so much a gift of nature as a product of cultivation. A wide difference exists, indeed, in children in respect to their natural inclination for reading, but there are few in whom it cannot be more or less developed by careful and judicious training.

This training should begin very early. Even before the child has learned the alphabet, his mother's lullaby or his nurse's song may have begun the attuning of his ear to the melodies of verse, and the quickening of his mind with pleasant fancies. As he grows older, his first reading should be made attractive to him by its ease and entertainment.

The reading lesson should never be hard or dull; nor should it be made the occasion for instruction in any specific branch of knowledge. The essential thing is that in beginning to learn to read the child should like what he reads or hears read, and that the matter should be of a sort to fix itself in his mind without wearisome effort. He should be led on by pleasure from step to step.

His very first reading should mainly consist in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. And to this end nothing is better than the rhymes and jingles which have sung themselves, generation after generation, in the nursery or on the playground. "Mother Goose" is the best primer. No matter if the rhymes be nonsense verses; many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child in repeating them is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form. Moreover, the mere art of reading is the more readily learned, if the words first presented to the eye of the child are those which are already familiar to his ear.

The next step is easy, to the short stories which have been told since the world was young; old fables in which the teachings of long experience are embodied, legends, fairy tales, which form the traditional common stock of the fancies and sentiment of the race.

These naturally serve as the gate of entrance into the wide open fields of literature, especially into those of poetry. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education.

The field of good literature is so vast that there is something in it for every intelligence. But the field of bad literature is not less broad, and is likely to be preferred by the common, uncultivated taste. To make good reading more attractive than bad, to give right direction to the choice, the growing intelligence of the child should be nourished with selected portions of the best literature, the virtue of which has been approved by long consent. These selections, besides merit in point of literary form, should possess as

general human interest as possible, and should be specially chosen with reference to the culture of the imagination.

The imagination is the supreme intellectual faculty, and yet it is of all the one which receives least attention in our common systems of education. The reason is not far to seek. The imagination is of all the faculties the most difficult to control, it is the most elusive of all, the most far-reaching in its relations, the rarest in its full power. But upon its healthy development depend not only the sound exercise of the faculties of observation and judgment, but also the command of the reason, the control of the will, and the quickening and growth of the moral sympathies. The means for its culture which good reading affords is the most generally available and one of the most efficient.

To provide this means is the chief end of the HEART OF OAK series of Reading Books. The selections which it contains form a body of reading, adapted to the progressive needs of childhood and youth, chosen from the masterpieces of the literature of the English-speaking race. For the most part they are pieces already familiar and long accepted as among the best, wherever the English language is spoken. The youth who shall become acquainted with the contents of these volumes will share in the common stock of the intellectual life of the race to which he belongs; and will have the door opened to him of all the vast and noble resources of that life.

The books are meant alike for the family and the school. The teacher who may use them in the schoolroom will find in them a variety large enough for the different capacities and interests of his pupils, and will find nothing in them but what may be of service to himself also. Every competent teacher will already be possessed of much which they contain; but the worth of the masterpieces of any art increases with use and familiarity of association. They grow

fresher by custom; and the love of them deepens in proportion to the time we have known them, and to the memories with which they have become invested.

In the use of these books in the education of children, it is desirable that much of the poetry which they contain should be committed to memory. To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child. But it must be learning *by heart;* that is, not merely by rote as a task, but by heart as a pleasure. The exercise, however difficult at first, becomes easy with continual practice. At first the teacher must guard against exacting too much; weariness quickly leads to disgust; and the young scholar should be helped to find delight in work itself.

These books are, in brief, meant not only as manuals for learning to read, but as helps to the cultivation of the taste, and to the healthy development of the imagination of those who use them, and thus to the formation and invigoration of the best elements of character.

In the preparation of the Heart of Oak Books I have received assistance of various sorts from various persons, to all of whom I offer my thanks. I regret that I am not allowed to mention by name one without whose help the Books would not have been made, and to whose hand most of the Notes are due.

The accuracy of the text of the pieces of which the volumes are composed has been secured by the painstaking and scholarly labor of Mr. George H. Browne of Cambridge, Mass.

C. E. NORTON.

NOTE TO BOOK ONE.

The First Book of the Heart of Oak series is intended for children beginning to learn to read. It is for the nursery as well as for the school. It is for reading to the child as well as for reading by him. The selections are such as may well become part of the stores of the child's memory, being mostly from the traditional stock of rhymes and jingles which have been sung or said by mothers or nurses time out of mind.

In schools the little book is to take the place of a primer, and it may be used with or without an independent spelling-book, according to the skill or the judgment of the teacher. The system of grading adopted in most books for beginning in reading is largely artificial and mechanical; it does not conform to the natural method by which language is acquired, either by the ear or by the eye. The omission of all hard words and of all expressions supposed to be beyond the comprehension of children is needless. Words of varying degrees of difficulty, as well in spelling as in meaning, are learned by the ear, and should be learned by the eye, at the same time. The talk of a child when he begins to learn to read does not consist of only words of one syllable. Many a hard word is familiar to him in use before he sees it in print. His ear may be made the helper of his eye. A good teacher will point out to the child the fact that many a word which has a strange look to him on the page is not strange

to him in his talk. He soon learns how it looks and how to spell it. With intelligent and constant assistance from the teacher the difficulties in learning to read will be much better mastered by this natural method than by the use of any artificial system.

Any child who can read the pieces in the First Book of the HEART OF OAK series will find few difficulties in the Second; yet in its use the intelligent and ready assistance of the teacher will still be called upon.

The intent of the illustrations is to present in the most direct manner the central idea of the rhyme, and thus to aid the imagination of the child in picturing the incident or situation described. The jingle of the verses will live in the ear-memory, and the simple pictures will recall them to the mind's eye. Mr. Frank T. Merrill, in these drawings, has caught the spirit of the nursery rhymes in an admirable and satisfactory manner.

C. E. NORTON.

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THE

HEART OF OAK BOOKS.

FIRST BOOK.

A was an Apple-pie;

B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
S stole it;
T took it;

X, **Y**, **Z**, **&** Ampersand,
All wished for a piece in hand.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
A man must delve.

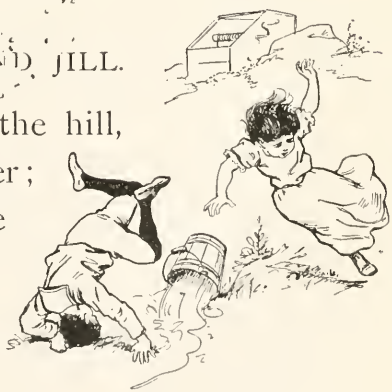
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

JOHN BROWN HAD A LITTLE INDIAN.

John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
One little Indian boy;
One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian boys.
Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,
Four little, three little, two little Indians,
One little Indian boy.

JACK AND JILL.



Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke
his crown,
And Jill came
tumbling after.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY-CROSS.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

We may be as good as we please if we please to be good.

THE FACE.

Brow bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper.

Knock at the door, — Peep in;
Lift up the latch, — Walk in.

SONG SET TO FIVE FINGERS.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig staid at home;
This little pig had roast meat;
This little pig had none;
This little pig cried "Wee, wee,
I can't find my way home."

DIDDLE, DIDDLE, DUMPLING.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

HEY! DIDDLE, DIDDLE.

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;

The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Pray, how does your garden grow?"
"With silver bells and cockle-shells
And pretty maids all in a row."

Cushey cow bonny,
let down thy milk,
And I will give thee
a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and
a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down
thy milk to me.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him from the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see what Tommy can buy:
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pie.

PAT-A-CAKE.

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man:"
"So I will, master, as fast as I can:"
"Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And put in the oven for Tommy and me."

SHOE THE COLT.

Shoe the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

IS JOHN SMITH WITHIN?

"Is John Smith within?"
"Yes, that he is."
"Can he set a shoe?"
"Ay, marry, two,
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too."

LITTLE MISS MUFFETT.

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffett,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,

Which frightened Miss
Muffett away.

THERE WERE TWO BLACK BIRDS.

There were two black birds
Sitting on a hill,
The one was named Jack,
The other named Jill.

Fly away Jack!
Fly away Jill!
Come again Jack!
Come again Jill!

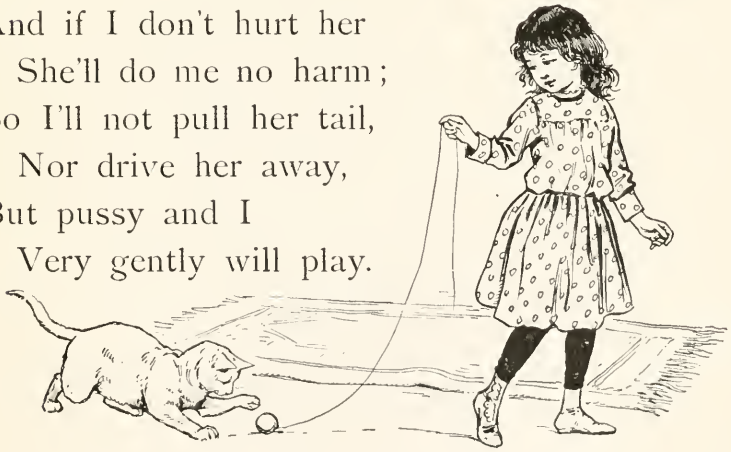
PUSSY CAT MEW.

Pussy Cat Mew jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.

Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

I like little pussy,
  Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
  She'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail,
  Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
  Very gently will play.



A stitch in time saves nine.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

DING DONG! DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little bird;
He sat upon a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little mouse;
He looked very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song
About my little kitty;
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Constant dropping wears away a stone.

GOOD NIGHT!

Good night!
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

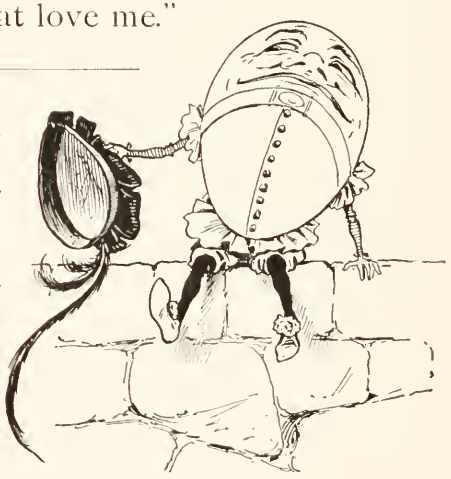
I SEE THE MOON.

I see the moon, and the moon sees me;
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

LADY MOON.

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

HUMPTY DUMPTY.



Humpty Dumpty sat
on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had
a great fall;
Not all the king's
horses, nor all
the king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

THERE WERE TWO BIRDS.

There were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
One of these little birds back again flew,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
The other came after, and then there were two,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
Says one to the other, Pray how do you do?
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.
Very well, thank you, and pray how are you?
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.

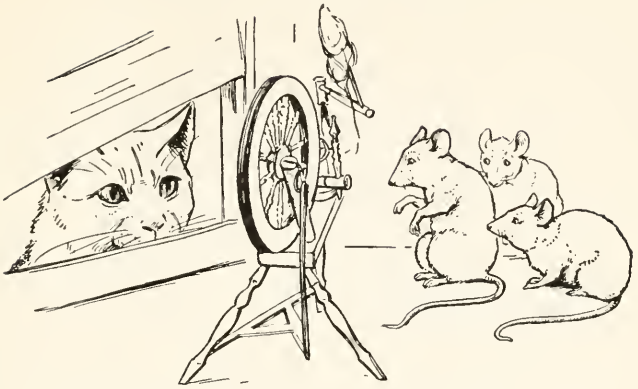
LADY BIRD! LADY BIRD!

Lady bird! lady bird!
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump and run under the table,
And the dog said, Catch him, puss, as soon as
you're able.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think was there?
The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
And all of them going to the fair.

SOME LITTLE MICE.



Some little mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by and popped her head in;
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"O! no, kind ma'am, you will snap our heads off!"

PUSSY CAT.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.

LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin flew away.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

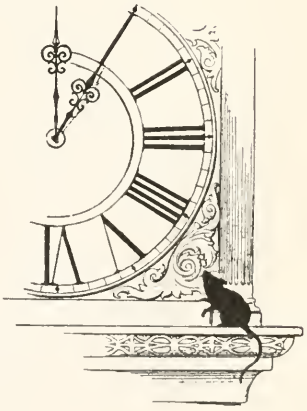
The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To inquire the way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease-porridge.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR.

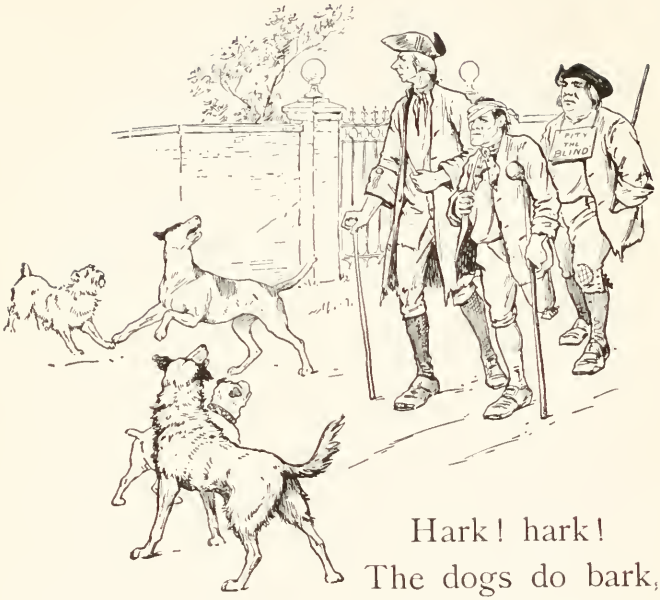
A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.



HARK! HARK!



Hark! hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

APRIL SHOWERS.

April showers
Make May flowers.

HOW MANY DAYS HAS BABY TO PLAY?

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

SEE SAW, SACARADOWN.

See saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD.

Once I saw a little bird
  Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
  Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
  To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
  And far away he flew.

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY.

I'll tell you a story
  About Mother Morey,
And now my story's begun;
  I'll tell you another
  About her brother,
And now my story's done.

RIDDLE ME, RIDDLE ME, RIDDLE ME REE.

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree!
None are so blind as those that won't see.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

A LITTLE BOY WENT INTO A BARN.

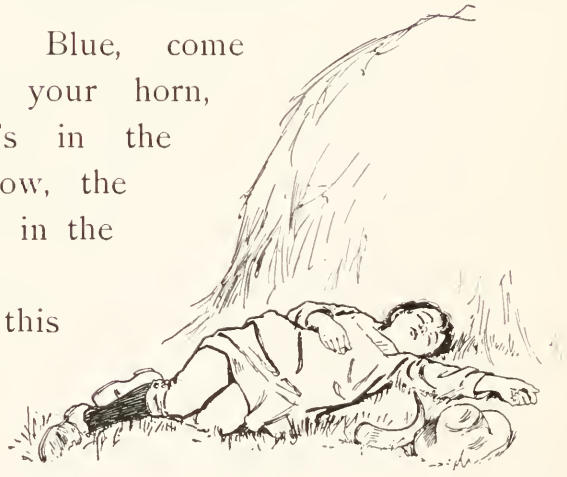
A little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
A calf came out and smelt about,
And the little boy ran away.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter:
How will he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married,
Without e'er a wife?

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, come
blow your horn,
The sheep's in the
meadow, the
cow's in the
corn;
What! is this
the way
you mind
your sheep,



Under the hay-cock, fast asleep?

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

BA–A, BA–A, BLACK SHEEP.

Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full:
One for my master, one for his dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

CURLY LOCKS.

Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine.
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And often where the cage was hung,
She stood to hear Canary.

THE GIRL IN THE LANE.

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried "gobble, gobble, gobble:"
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

WHAT'S THE NEWS OF THE DAY?

"What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?"
"They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon."

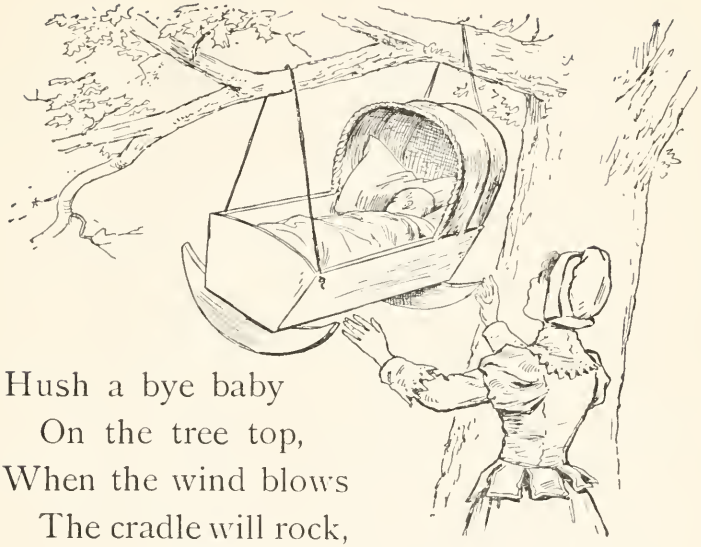
WILLY BOY, WILLY BOY.

"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I am going to the meadows to see them a-mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay."

BYE, BABY BUNTING.

Bye, baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap the baby Bunting in.

HUSH A BYE BABY.



Hush a bye baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

THE KING OF FRANCE WENT UP THE HILL.

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

DING, DONG, BELL.

Ding, dong, bell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy
was that,
To drown poor
pussy-cat,
Who never did him
any harm,
But killed the mice in
his father's barn!

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
They stuck a feather in his hat
And called him Macaroni.

HANDY-SPANDY, JACK-A-DANDY.

Handy-spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And, pleased, away went hop, hop, hop.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird
And snapt off her nose.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Spell me that in four letters?
I will, — T-h-a-t, THAT.

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

This is the house that Jack built.

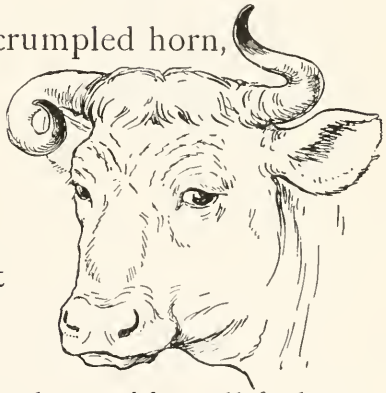
This is the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.



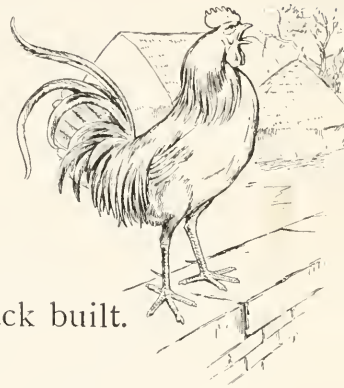
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,

That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

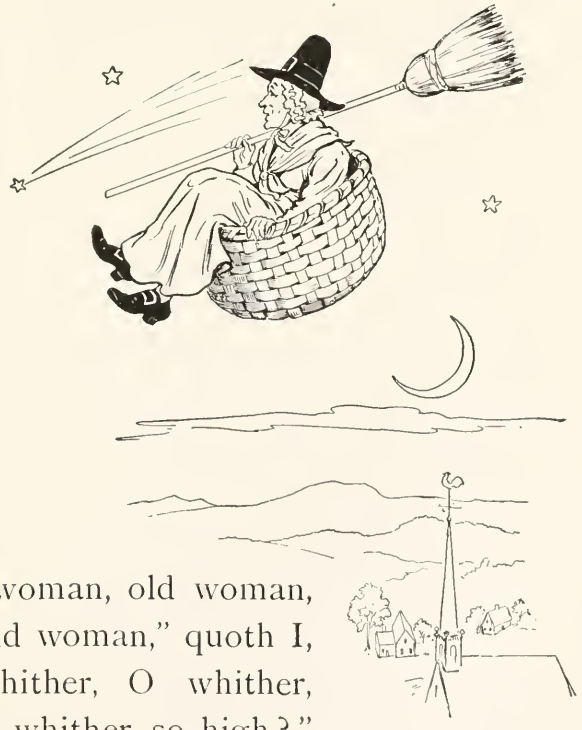
THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN.

There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile,
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

I SAW AN OLD WOMAN.

I saw an old woman toss'd up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.



"Old woman, old woman,
old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither,
O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by and by."

FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS.

Four-and-twenty tailors
  Went to kill a snail;
The best man among them
  Durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns
  Like a little Kyloe cow.
Run, tailors, run, or
  She'll kill you all just now.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

ROBIN AND RICHARD.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten:
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
O, brother Richard! the sun's very high.
You go first with bottle and bag,
And I'll come after on little Jack Nag.

THE CHILDREN SING IN FAR JAPAN.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

"LET'S GO TO BED."

"Let's go to bed," says Sleepy-head;
"Let's stay awhile," says Slow:
"Put on the pot," says Greedy-sot,
"We'll sup before we go."

BOW, WOW, WOW.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

O, LOOK AT THE MOON!

O, look at the moon,
She is shining up there;
O, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

PUSSY SITS BEHIND THE LOG.

Pussy sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?

So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do.
I thank you kindly, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to a brook,
And fired at a duck,
And shot him right through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire for to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck,
He'd shot in the brook,
And he'd go fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old;
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

HARK, HARK! BOW-WOW.

Hark, Hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-doodle-do.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

LITTLE JOHNNY PRINGLE.

Little Johnny Pringle had a little Pig,
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died.
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggy Wiggee.

HOGS IN THE GARDEN.

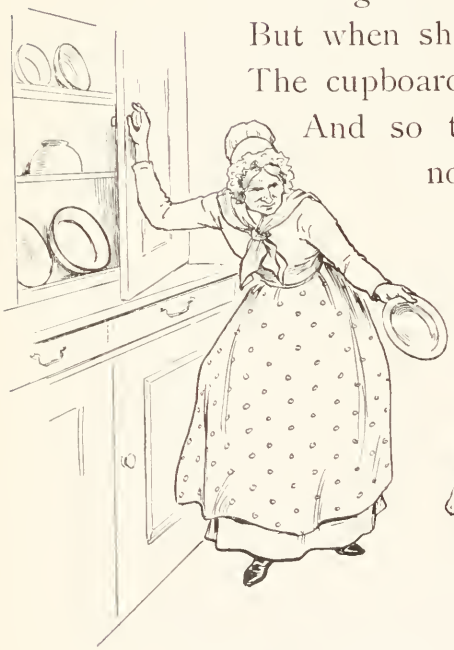
Hogs in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;
Cows in the corn-field, run, boys, run;
Cats in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE-PIE.

If all the world were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER WONDERFUL DOG.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.



She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back,
The poor Dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back,
The poor Dog was laughing.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress'
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back,
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.

The Dame made a curtsey,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow, wow."

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,
Whenever he fed;
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

TOM HE WAS A PIPER'S SON.

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
But all the tune that
he could play,
Was "Over the hills
and far away."

But Tom with his pipe
made such a noise,
That he pleased both
the girls and boys;
And they stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.
She went to the baker to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;

It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

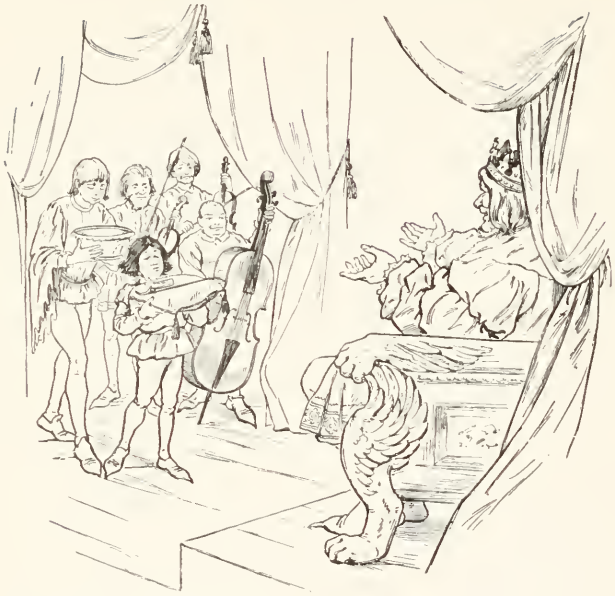
And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear:

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll save me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry—
"O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The Teacher did reply.

LITTLE NANNY ETTICOAT.

Little Nanny Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.

O, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

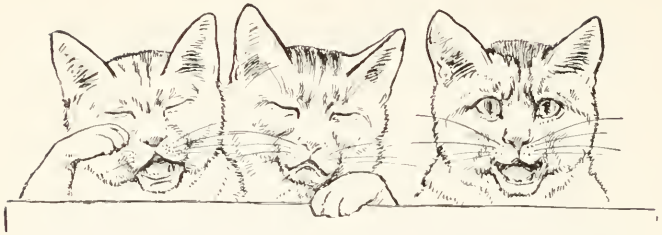
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And knows not what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle-doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle-do.



Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
O mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
O mother dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soil'd our mittens.

Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?

Washed your mittens!
O, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by:
Hush! Hush! *mee-ow, mee-ow.*
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Boys and girls come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.
Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,
Come to your playfellows in the street.

To kill two birds with one stone.

To have two strings to one's bow.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

One day, a Dog was carrying home a piece of meat in his mouth.

On his way, he had to cross a plank lying across a smooth brook.

By chance he looked into the brook, and saw there what he took to be another dog with another piece of meat.

He made up his mind to have that also, and snapped at the shadow in the water; but when he opened his jaws, the piece of meat which he had in his mouth fell out and sank in the brook.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog lay in a manger full of hay.

An Ox came near and wanted to eat the hay.

The Dog got up and growled at him, and would not let him eat it.

"Cross dog," said the Ox, "you cannot eat the hay, and yet you will let no one else have any."

TWELVE PEARS HANGING HIGH.

Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each knight took a pear,
And left eleven hanging there.

HINX, MINX! THE OLD WITCH WINKS.

Hinx, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry;
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I!

LITTLE KING BOGGEN.

Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie crust and pastry crust that was the wall,
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes, you ne'er saw the like.

East, west, home is best.

THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS ASKED ME.

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

THIRTY WHITE HORSES ON A RED HILL.

Thirty white horses on a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY.

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipp'd him, she slash'd him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A Boy, who kept a flock of sheep not far from a little village, used to find fun in calling out from time to time, "Wolf! Wolf!" Many times in this way he called the men in the fields from their work to help him.

But when the men found it was a joke, they made up their minds, that no matter how much the Boy cried "Wolf!" they would not stir to help him. At last the Wolf really did come.

Then the Boy ran, calling "Wolf!" as loud as he could; but the men would not heed him, for they thought him only in fun. So the Wolf killed all the sheep in the flock.

If boys often tell lies, how can you know when they speak the truth?

SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Pray let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny;"
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went
a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's
pail.

Simple Simon went to
look
If plums grew on a
thistle;
He pricked his fingers
very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky-bird,
And thought he could not fail
Because he'd got a little salt,
To put upon its tail.

HERE AM I.

Here am I, little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

AS ROUND AS AN APPLE.

As round as an apple,
As deep as a cup;
And all the King's horses
Can not pull it up.

SING, SONG, THE DAYS ARE LONG.

Sing, song, the days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be whipped to-morrow.

A NEEDLE AND THREAD.

Old Mother Twichett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went through a gap,
A bit of her tail she left in a trap.

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Then will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended —ded, ded, ded."

The little maid replied,
Some say, a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit—spit, spit?"

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsey, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in it.
They all took one and left four in it.

BAT, BAT.

Bat, bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

BOBBY SHAFTOE'S GONE TO SEA.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair.
He's my love for evermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL.

There was a sly Cat, in a house, and the Mice were in such fear of her, that they tried to find some way that she might not catch them. "Do as I say," cried one of the Mice; "hang a bell to the Cat's neck, to tell us when she is near."

This bright plan made the Mice jump for joy.

"Well," said an old Mouse, "we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell to the Cat's neck?"

Not a Mouse would do it.

ARTHUR O'BOWER.

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land;
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

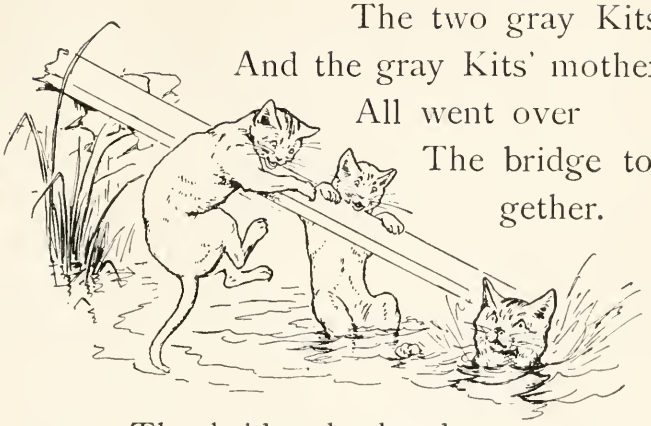
A Mouse ran by chance into the mouth of a Lion who lay asleep.

The Lion got up, and was just going to eat him, when the poor Mouse asked to be let go, saying, "If I am let go, I shall not forget you."

So, with a smile, the Lion let him go.

Soon the Lion was saved by the Mouse, who did not forget him; for when some men had caught him, and had tied him with ropes to a tree, the Mouse heard him roar, and came and gnawed the ropes, and let the Lion go, saying, "You smiled at me once, as if I could not do you any good turn; but now, you see, it is you who cannot forget me."

THE TWO GRAY KITS.



The two gray Kits
And the gray Kits' mother
All went over
The bridge to-
gether.

The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Bolin.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

There was once a man who had a goose that laid a golden egg every day. Now, he thought that she must have much gold inside her. So he killed her, and cut her open. But he found that she was in no way different from other geese! So by being greedy he lost all he had, without getting the riches he wished.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR.

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
And down came the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

As like as two peas.

Forgive and forget.

THERE WAS A MAN AND HE HAD NAUGHT.

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him;
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him.

I love sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
I love sixpence as my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent a penny of it,
I took a penny home to my wife.

I love four pence, a jolly, jolly four pence.
I love four pence as my life;
I spent two pence of it, I spent two pence of it,
I took two pence home to my wife.

I love nothing, a jolly, jolly nothing,
I love nothing as my life;
I spent nothing of it, I spent nothing of it,
I took nothing home to my wife.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A hungry Fox saw some grapes hanging from a vine high up from the ground. As he looked, he longed to get them, but could not.

At last, growing tired of leaping and springing, he left them hanging there and went on his way, muttering, "Let those who will have them. They're green and sour! I will let them alone."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

"What a dull, heavy creature," said the Hare, "this Tortoise is." "And yet," answered the Tortoise, "I'll run with you, for a wager." "Done," said the Hare, and they asked the Fox to be the judge.

They started together, and the Tortoise kept jogging on, till he came to the end of the course.

The Hare, when he had gone half-way, laid himself down, and took a nap; "for," says he, "I can catch up with the Tortoise when I please."

When he awoke, though he ran as fast as he could, the Tortoise got to the post before him and won the wager.

THE CAT, THE APE, AND THE NUTS.

A Cat and an Ape sat one day by the fire, in which were some nuts, put there to roast in the coals.

The nuts had begun to crack with the heat, and the Ape said to the Cat: "It is clear that your paws were made to pull out those nuts. Put in a paw and draw them out. Your paws are just like hands."

The Cat liked this idea, and put out her paw for the nuts; but she at once drew back with a cry, for she had burnt her paw with the hot coals.

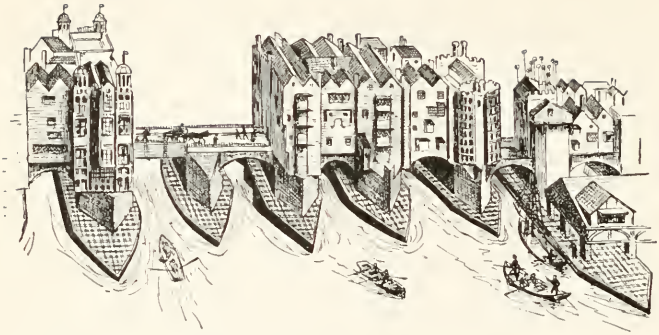
But she tried again, and this time pulled out one nut; then she pulled two, then three, but each time burnt her paw.

When she could pull out no more, she looked round, and found that the Ape had used the time to crack the nuts and eat them.

A MAN OF WORDS.

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.

LONDON BRIDGE.



London bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee;

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

As busy as a bee.

As blind as a bat.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

"Oh, father," said a little Frog to a big Frog, "I have seen such a terrible monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head. It had a long tail, and hoofs divided in two."

"Tush, child, tush," said the big Frog, "that was only Farmer White's Ox. I can easily make myself as big; just you see."

And he blew himself out. "Was he as big as that?" he asked.

"Oh, bigger than that," said the little Frog.

Again the big Frog blew himself out, and asked the young one if the Ox was as big.

"Bigger, father," was the reply, "much bigger."

Then the big Frog took a deep breath, and blew and swelled, and swelled and blew, — until he burst!

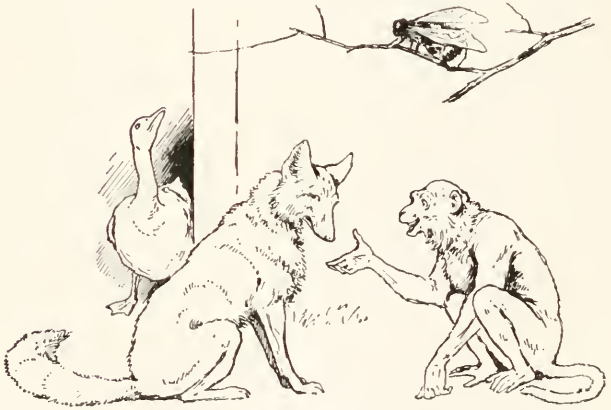
BRYAN O'LIN.

Bryan O'Lin, and his wife, and wife's mother,
All went over a bridge together:
The bridge was loose, and they all tumbled in;
What a precious concern! cried Bryan O'Lin.

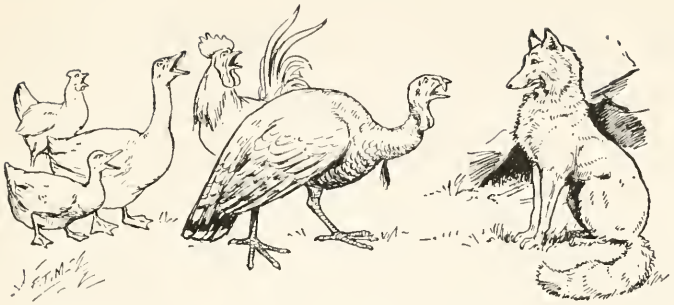
INTERY, MINTERY, CUTERY-CORN.

Intery, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, out goes he.

THE FOX, THE APE, AND THE HUMBLE-BEE.



The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three;
Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.



One fine summer morning, a Hen was picking up peas under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. And she thought she would go to the court and tell the king that the sky was falling; so she gaed,[1] and she gaed, and she gaed till she met a Cock, and the Cock said, "Where are you going, Henny-penny?"

And she said, "Oh, Cocky-locky, the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king."

And Cocky-locky said, "I will go with you, Henny-penny."

So Cocky-locky and Henny-penny gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Duck.

[1] *gaed*, went.

And the Duck said, "Where are you going to-day, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Ducky-daddles, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Ducky-daddles said, "I will go with you, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny."

So Ducky-daddles and Cocky-locky and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Goose.

And the Goose said, "Where are you going to-day, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Goosey-poosey, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Goosey-poosey said, "I will go with you, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Goosey-poosey and Ducky-daddles and Cocky-locky and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Turkey.

And the Turkey said, "Where are you going to-day, Goosey-poosey, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Turkey-lurky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Turkey-lurky said, "I will go with you, Goosey-poosey, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Turkey-lurky and Goosey-poosey and Ducky-daddles and Cocky-locky and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Fox.

And the Fox said, "Where are you going to-day, Turkey-lurky, Goosey-poosey, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Fox-lox, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And the Fox said, "Come with me, Turkey-lurky, Goosey-poosey, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, and I will show you the way to the king's house."

But they said, "Oh no, Fox-lox, we know the way, and we do not want to go with you."

So they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they reached the king's house. And he thanked them, and gave each of them a silver sixpence.

POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat,
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

PETER PIPER.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

I WOULD IF I COULD.

I would if I could; if I couldn't how could I?
I couldn't unless I could, could I?
Could you unless you could, could ye? could ye? could ye?
You couldn't unless you could, could ye?

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

Once upon a time, an old woman was sweeping her little house, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence.

"What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I think I will go to market and buy a pig." So the next day, she went to market, and bought a nice little white pig. She tied a string to one of the pig's legs, and began to drive him home.

On the way, the old woman and her pig came to a stile, and she said,—

"Please, pig, get over the stile."

But the pig would not.

Just then a little dog came trotting up, and the old woman said to him, —

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

So the old woman held up her stick, and said, —

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

So the old woman gathered some bits of wood together to make a fire, and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said, —

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;

Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

So the old woman fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said, —

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

Then the old woman saw an ox coming; so she said, —

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go;

I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and
a half ago."

But the ox would not.

So the old woman turned round, and saw a butcher, and she said, —

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and
a half ago."

But the butcher would not.

So the old woman took a rope out of her pocket, and said, —

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago."

But the rope would not.

Just then a large brown mouse ran across the meadow, and she said, —

"Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;

Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago."

"Yes," said the mouse, "I will if you will give me some cheese."

So the old woman put her hand in her pocket, and found a nice piece of cheese; and when the mouse had eaten it,

The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,

The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig began to go.

But what time the old woman and her pig got home, you, nor I, nor nobody knows.

IN APRIL'S SWEET MONTH.

In April's sweet month,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

EVENING RED AND MORNING GRAY.

Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveller on his way.
But evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head.

A SWARM OF BEES IN MAY.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

RAINBOW AT NIGHT.

Rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow in the morning,
Sailors, take warning.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

SIXTY SECONDS HATH A MINUTE.

Sixty seconds hath a minute,
Sixty minutes hath an hour,
But a second hath within it
Sixty jiffies full of power.

HOW PLEASANT IS SATURDAY NIGHT.

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good,
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN VERSE.

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

A GREAT WHILE AGO THE WORLD BEGUN.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

THE COURTSHIP, MERRY MARRIAGE, AND PICNIC DINNER OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE DOLEFUL DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

It was a merry time
  When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
  And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
  He was a gallant bird;
He doft his hat to Jenny,
  And thus to her he said:—

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
  If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
  And drink nice currant wine.
I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
  Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
  Let us appoint the day."

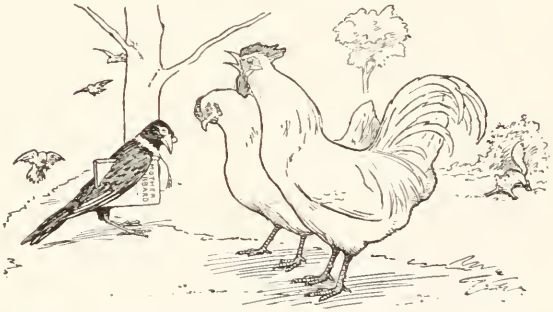
Jenny blushed behind her fan,
  And thus declared her mind:

"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind—
Cherry pie is very good!
So is currant wine!
But I will wear my brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.
He met the Cock and Hen,
And bid the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren, the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbors know,
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.
And first came parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band,
And one of *Mother Hubbard's* books
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.
He sung of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.



Then came the bride and bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.
But Robin cheered her up;
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride;
The Linnet, being bride's maid,
Walked by Jenny's side;
And, as she was a-walking,
She said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

The Bulfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say,
"Pray, mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch, dressed so gay;
What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;
The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
And many more, were there:

All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren, the fair.

"O then," says parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:

Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside;
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!"

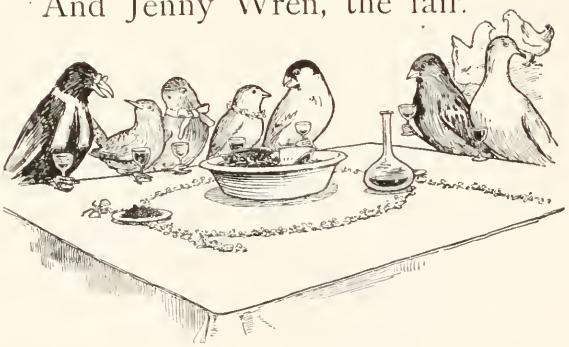
"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."

"And will you have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says parson Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing:
"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.
They had a cherry pie,
Beside some currant wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happened to think;
They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair:
Cock Robin, the bridegroom,
And Jenny Wren, the fair.



The dinner-things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.
The concert it was fine;
And every bird tried
Who best could sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Then in came the Cuckoo,
And he made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pulled her about.
Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright;
For the Cuckoo he missed,
But Cock Robin killed!—
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was so spilled.

THE BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow;
And I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye;
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish;
And I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle;
And I made his shroud."

Who will be the parson?
"I," said the Rook;
"With my little book;
And I will be the parson."

Who will dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and shovel;
And I'll dig his grave."

Who will be the clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If 'tis not in the dark;
And I will be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to the grave."

Who will be the chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"Because of my love;
And I will be chief mourner."

Who will sing a psalm?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush;
"And I will sing a psalm."

Who will bear the pall?
"We," said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen;
"And we will bear the pall."

Who will toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull."
And so Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds of the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

THE FAIRY TALE ALPHABET.

A is Aladdin, who to good luck was born.
B little Boy Blue, who is blowing his horn.
C Cinderella, who went to a ball,
And left her glass slipper behind in the hall.

D is the Dwarf, Rumpelstiltkins by name.
E is an Elf, who is playing a game.
F is the Frog, who a-wooing would go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
G Goody Two Shoes, well known to you all.
H Humpty Dumpty, who had a great fall.
I is the island, you'll surely remember,
Where Crusoe was wrecked at the end of September.
J is for Jack, and his sister too, Jill.
K for King Cole, whom you see laughing still.
L Little Bo Peep, who fell fast asleep;
Where shall she look for her wandering sheep?
M Maid in the garden who was hanging out clothes.
N is Nose, nose, the jolly red nose.
O is the Ogre who cried, "Fe-fo-fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman."

P Puss in Boots, who so well played his part.

Q is the Queen, who is making a tart.

R is Red Riding Hood, pretty and good,
Who was met by the wolf on her way through the wood.

S is for Sinbad, with the old man, his rider.

T is Tom Thumb, who was killed by the spider.

U is Unicorn, who fought for the crown,
But the Lion soon hunted him out of the town.

V is for Valentine, ready to dare.

W Whittington, future lord mayor.

From **A**, **B**, and **C** all the letters you see,
And now at the last you find **X**, **Y**, and **Z**ee.

A, **B**, **C**, tumble down ***D***,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

NOTES.

THE text of the melodies is chosen from *Mother Goose* collections in Harvard College Library. One of the most prolific sources, of course, has been "The Nursery Rhymes of England, chosen principally from Oral Tradition, edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq." In the preface to the first edition, printed for the Percy Society, London, 1842, the editor says, "If we had any creditable sources of information, it would be a subject worthy of investigation to ascertain the origin of the popularity of these national nursery melodies; but, like most other branches of popular literature and traditional anecdotes, their history is wrapped up in great obscurity. We can ascertain that they have been current in our nurseries for nearly two centuries, in all parts of England, under forms very slightly differing from each other; but more than this we know not.

"A few nursery rhymes can be traced to a very early period. Every child will remember the lines on Bryan O'Lin (p. 77), which are found, under a very slightly modified form, in a little black-letter book, by W. Wager, called 'The longer thou livest, the more Foole thou art,' printed about the year 1560. A few more examples of this kind will be found in the following pages."

In the preface to the second edition, 1843, he says: "It may, perhaps, be difficult to prove the antiquity of all of the old vernacular rhymes of the English nursery, — in fact very few can be traced back even as far as the sixteenth century; but there is a peculiar style in most of the ancient ones that could not very well be imitated without detection by a practised ear. Many of the most popular nursery rhymes are merely fragments of old ballads."

The popularity of Halliwell's authentic collection is shown by the numerous editions it rapidly went through. "The infants and children of the nine-

teenth century have not," he observes in the fifth edition, 1853, "deserted the rhymes chanted so many ages since by the mothers of the North. This is a 'great nursery fact' — a proof that there is contained in some of these traditional nonsense-rhymes a meaning and a romance, possibly intelligible only to very young minds, that exercise an influence on the fancy of children. It is obvious there must exist something of this kind; for no modern compositions are found to supply altogether the place of the ancient doggerel.

"The nursery rhyme is the novel and light reading of the infant scholar. It occupies with respect to the A, B, C, the position of a romance which relieves the mind from the cares of riper age. The absurdity and frivolity of a rhyme may naturally be its chief attractions to the very young; and there will be something lost from the imagination of that child whose parents insist so much on matters of fact, that the 'cow' must be made, in compliance with the rules of their educational code, to jump '*under*' instead of '*over* the moon'; while of course the little dog must be considered as 'barking,' not 'laughing,' at the circumstance."

Halliwell was "indebted for some interesting scraps" to a curious and clever satirical pamphlet, entitled "Infant Institutes," 8vo, London, 1797. It is now chiefly interesting, as giving us the earliest printed version of some of our well-known nursery ditties. But Halliwell makes no acknowledgment to Joseph Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland; or, the Nursery Parnassus. A choice collection of pretty songs and verses, for the amusement of all little good children who can neither read nor run, London, 1810"; nor has he a word, in any of his editions, about "Mother Goose" or her "Melodies."

The name "Mother Goose" is of French, not English, origin. The phrase *Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye*, or Tales of Mother Goose, a popular synonym for fairy stories, is found in print as early as 1650. Eight of these tales were published in 1697 by Charles Perrault (see Book II of the Heart of Oak Books), and translated into English in 1729. "Mother Goose's Tales" was one of the most popular publications of "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard," as Goldsmith calls John Newbery, the first English publisher to prepare little story books for children (cf. "A Bookseller of the Last Century," Charles Welsh, London, 1885); so that when a collection of Nursery Rhymes was made for him about 1760, he naturally gave them the popular name "Mother Goose's Melody." This collection was reprinted at Worcester, Mass., about 1785, by Isaiah Thomas. The English originals have all disappeared, but this reprint has been reproduced in facsimile with an interesting preface by William H. Whitmore, Boston, 1892, who feels sure that the great popularity of "Mother Goose" is due to the

Boston editions of Munroe and Francis, 1824–1860. . . . "There is an interesting question as to who prepared the collection for the press." It may have been Goldsmith, who was employed as a hack-writer by the Newberys from 1762 to 1767. "The probability, or even possibility, of this idea would give an added interest to the collection."

Irving, in his "Life of Goldsmith," refers to the poet's love of glees, catches, and simple melodies. "Dining one day, in company with Dr. Johnson, at the chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, he entertained the company with a particular and comic account of his feelings on the night of representation [of "The Good-Natured Man"], and his despair when the piece was hissed. How he went home, he said, to the Literary Club; chatted gayly, as if nothing had gone amiss; and to give a greater idea of his unconcern, sang his favorite song about 'An old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.' . . . He was at all times a capital companion for children, and knew how to fall in with their humors. 'I little thought,' said Miss Hawkins, the woman grown, 'what I should have to boast when Goldsmith taught me to play "Jack and Jill," by two bits of paper on his fingers.' He entertained Mrs. Garrick, we are told, with a whole budget of stories and songs."

The "farrago of fables" which Thackeray introduces in the opening chapter of "The Newcomes" is but one of many instances of how deeply these stories have sunk into the minds of the people. They come out of the dawning twilight of the world's history and have girdled the globe — North and South, East and West. "The tales were told," he says, "ages before Æsop: and asses under lions' manes roared in Hebrew: and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan: and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanskrit."

Although, as Mr. Joseph Jacobs — whose notes on the Fables sum up all that we know of their origin, and their history — says, the truths they have to teach "are too simple to correspond to the facts of our complex civilization . . . as we all pass through in our lives the various stages of ancestral culture, there comes a time when these rough sketches of life have their appeal to us as they had for our forefathers. The allegory gives us a pleasing and not too strenuous stimulation of the intellectual powers; the lesson is not too complicated for childlike minds. Indeed in their grotesque grace, in their quaint humor, in their trust and simpler virtues, in their insight into the cruder vices. . . . Æsop's Fables are as little children. They are as little children and for that reason they will forever find a home in the heaven of little children's souls."

PAGE 1. — *Ampersand.* A corruption of "and, *per se*, and" *i.e.* & by itself makes and. It is a word used to describe the character &, which is evolved from *et*. *Et*. = and, both in Latin and French.

PAGE 6. — *Hey! diddle, diddle.* This song is alluded to in "King Cambyses," a tragedy of the sixteenth century.

PAGE 10. — *There were two black birds.* The teacher might introduce some suitable movements and gestures which will readily suggest themselves in connection with this and others, *e.g.* *There were two birds*, page 15.

PAGE 11. — *I like little pussy.* Jane Taylor was one of a family that wrote many books for children. Some of the verses which she published jointly with her sister Ann are still popular. Born in London 1783, died 1824.

PAGE 12. — Mrs. Follen, born in Boston in 1787, died 1860, from whose "Nursery Songs" *Ding dong! ding dong!* is taken, wrote pleasant books for children, and an interesting life of her husband, the Rev. Charles Follen.

PAGE 14. — *Lady Moon*, by Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, born 1809, died 1885.

PAGE 15. — *There were two birds*, see note to page 10.

PAGE 17. — *Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?* There is an old proverb which says, "A cat may look at a king."

PAGE 21. — *See saw, sacaradown.* In one of the earliest of the Boston editions of Munroe and Francis, this song is amended thus: —

> See saw, sacradown
> Which is the way to Boston town?
> Boston town's changed into a city,
> But I've no room to change my ditty.

Boston was chartered in 1822.

PAGE 29. — *The King of France went up the hill.* "In a little tract called 'The Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North,' 4to. London, 1642, this is called 'Old Tarlton's Song.' It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram on 'Jack and Jill.'" *Halliwell.*

PAGE 30. — *There was a little girl* is said to have been an impromptu addressed to one of his own little girls by Mr. Longfellow.

PAGE 30. — *Ding, dong, bell!* The burden to a song in the "Tempest," Act I. sc. ii, l. 403; and also to one in the "Merchant of Venice," Act III, sc. ii, l. 71.

PAGE 32. — *Sing a song of sixpence.* This nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca," Act V, sc. ii. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this song in "Twelfth Night," Act II, sc. iii, l. 32, when he says, "Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song."

PAGE 39. — *I saw an old woman toss'd up in a basket.* Another version, Goldsmith's favorite, is thus given in the preface to Isaiah Thomas's first Worcester edition: —

There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,
  Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
  For under her arm she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?
  To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
  And I'll be with you by and by.

"By changing *basket*, in the first line, into *blanket*, and altering the third line, the rhyme and beauty of the poetry are completely lost." *Halliwell.*

PAGE 40. — *Kyloe.* The diminutive of *Kye*, a small breed of cattle so called in the north of England.

PAGE 41. — *The children sing in far Japan.* The second stanza of *Singing*, from "A Child's Garden of Verses," p. 15, by *Robert Louis Stevenson* (1850–1894).

PAGE 46. — *Hark, hark! Bow-wow.* Ariel's song in the "Tempest," Act I, sc. ii, l. 382.

PAGE 52. — *Mary had a little lamb* was written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, born in New Hampshire in 1795, died in Philadelphia in 1879. She published many books, but nothing which is now remembered, except this little poem.

PAGE 53. — *Little Nanny Etticoat.* A candle.

PAGE 60. — *Twelve pears hanging high.* One knight named "Each" took one pear, leaving eleven.

PAGE 60. — *Hinx, minx! the old witch winks.* In Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," p. 31, this is part of a "counting-out" rhyme: —

ONE-ERY, two-ery
  Ziccary zan;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
  Ninery ten;
Spittery spot,
  It must be done;
Twiddleum, twaddleum
  Twenty ONE.
Hink, spink, etc.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
  Blind man can't see,
Every knave will have a slave,
  You or I must be HE.

PAGE **61**. — *Thirty white horses on a red hill.* The teeth and gums.

PAGE **64**. — *As round as an apple.* A well.

PAGE **71**. — *I love sixpence.* From Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," p. 40, where it is called "The Jolly Jester." A longer and otherwise different version is given by Halliwell.

PAGE **74**. — The line "*London Bridge is broken down*" is to be found in the "Heimskringla," a history of the Norwegian Kings from legendary times down to 1177. When King Olaf went to fight England early in the eleventh century he succeeded in breaking down London Bridge in a battle with King Ethelred, and the event was thus celebrated in song and in the Northern sagas, out of which incident doubtless our famous nursery rhyme has grown.

"London Bridge is broken down,
Gold is won and bright renown,
Shields resounding,
War horns sounding,
Hildur shouting in the din.
Arrows singing,
Mail coats ringing,
Odin makes our Olaf win."

PAGE **78**. — *The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee* is the jingling ditty, made up by the "fantastical Spaniard," Armado, and Moth, his page, in Act III, sc. i, l. 86, of "Love's Labor's Lost." The text of the last verse is the reading of the Collier MS.

PAGE **79**. — *Henny-penny.* This also is found in another form as "chicken-licken."

PAGE **83**. — *The old woman and her pig.* There are many examples of this class of accumulative stories, as they are called, which exist in all languages; the English, however, is particularly rich in them — "The house that Jack Built," "Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse," "John Ball shot them all," "The Key of the King's Garden," are among the more familiar.

PAGE **91**. — This version of the Golden Rule is from a reprint of "The New England Primer," the popular schoolbook of the children of New England during the eighteenth century.

PAGE **91**. — *A great while ago* is the last stanza of the song sung at the end of "Twelfth Night."

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